



Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddle stick,
And don't know what to do!
Find the master.



THESE BIG HATS.

The Man Behind—Madam, won't you kindly remove your hat? I can't see the stage.
The Woman in Front—If I take my hat off and hold it in my lap, I won't be able to see the stage myself.



RAVENOUS PAUL.

This fellow, although rather small, is known as the ravenous Paul; He faces a great way, In a certain cafe, Of eating up dishes and all.

His host thought he would be redressed By firing a gun at his guest; But Paul ate the bullet, And called for a pullet— And the host set him down as a pest.



HE KNEW.

The Orator (speaking against trusts)—I ask you, why, oh! why, do I have to pay 12 cents a gallon for oil?
Man in Rear—Cos you can't get any credit, I guess.

HAVEN'T RUN YET.

Miss Joax—Do you guarantee these colors to be absolutely Japanese?
Clerk—I don't understand.
Miss Joax—That they won't run.

SURE.

Marjorie (aged 7)—Mamma, what does dieting mean?
Her Mamma—Eating less at the table and more between meals.

AT THE MUSICAL.

Guest—Steele Ayres, who just played that sonata, hasn't a good touch.
Host—Oh! I don't know. He touched me for a ten-spot a while ago.



If you can't get along better with your work I will have to get another girl.
Sure, mam, an' I wish that ye would—there is work enough here for two.



HORRORS!

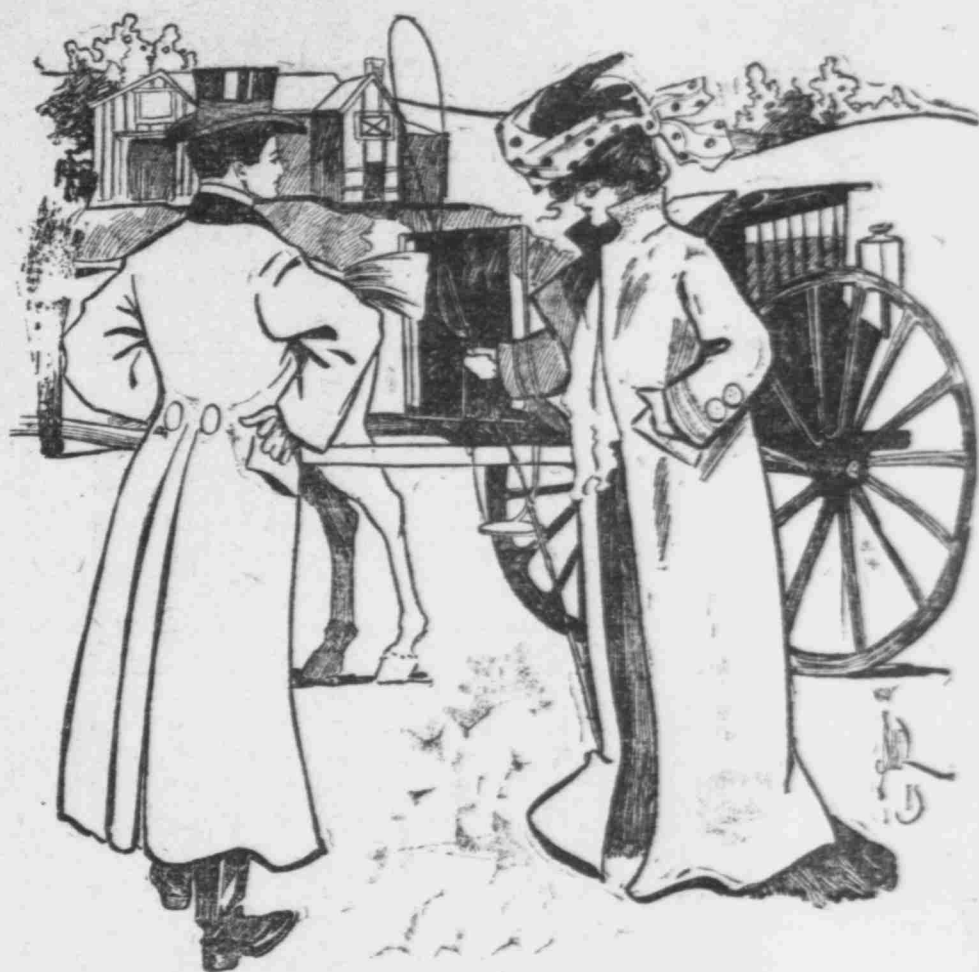
Bings—Have you named your baby yet?
Bangs—No; I want to name him for my automobile, and my wife wants to name him after her dog.

SHE KNEW.

Her Father—What! Marry that fool. Why, he hasn't any ideas of finance.
His Daughter—Don't you believe the half of it. He stopped right in the middle of his proposal to ask me how much you were worth.

THEN THE ENGINEER FAINTED.

Miss Chance (examining engine)—I understand all about the throttle, and all that—but I don't see one thing.
Engineer—What's that?
Miss Chance—I don't see how you steer the engine.



A WOMAN'S MIND, ETC.

He—Won't you marry me?
She—I told you once that I would not.
He—I know, but that was last week.



DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

Justice—\$10 or 10 days?
Fuller Booze—If it's hic—all th'—hic—same to you, I'll hic—take th' money.

ONLY PUNISHMENT HE THOUGHT OF.

Mr. Henpeck—I don't think my brother believes in future punishment.
Mrs. Henpeck—Why not?
Mr. Henpeck—He says he never intends to marry.

PRECAUTIONS.

First Passenger—What a pretty little boy! How old is he?
Second Passenger (the boy's mother)—Are you connected with the railroad in any capacity?
First Passenger—No, indeed.



DOWN TO THE LIMIT.

The Show Girl—Did you hear the manager was going to reduce salaries?
The Comedian—Yes, sir.
The Kid—Wot'll youse charge ter keep me dorg in yer vaults over night fer me?



CAN HE?

Miss Hippo—Good morning, doctor, can you fill a couple of teeth in time for me to go to the matinee this afternoon?



VERY STRIKING.

Maud—What a striking looking man.
Claud—That's Slugs, the pugilist.



The Kid—Is dis de Security and Safet y Vault Company?
The President—Yes, sir.
The Kid—Wot'll youse charge ter keep me dorg in yer vaults over night fer me?